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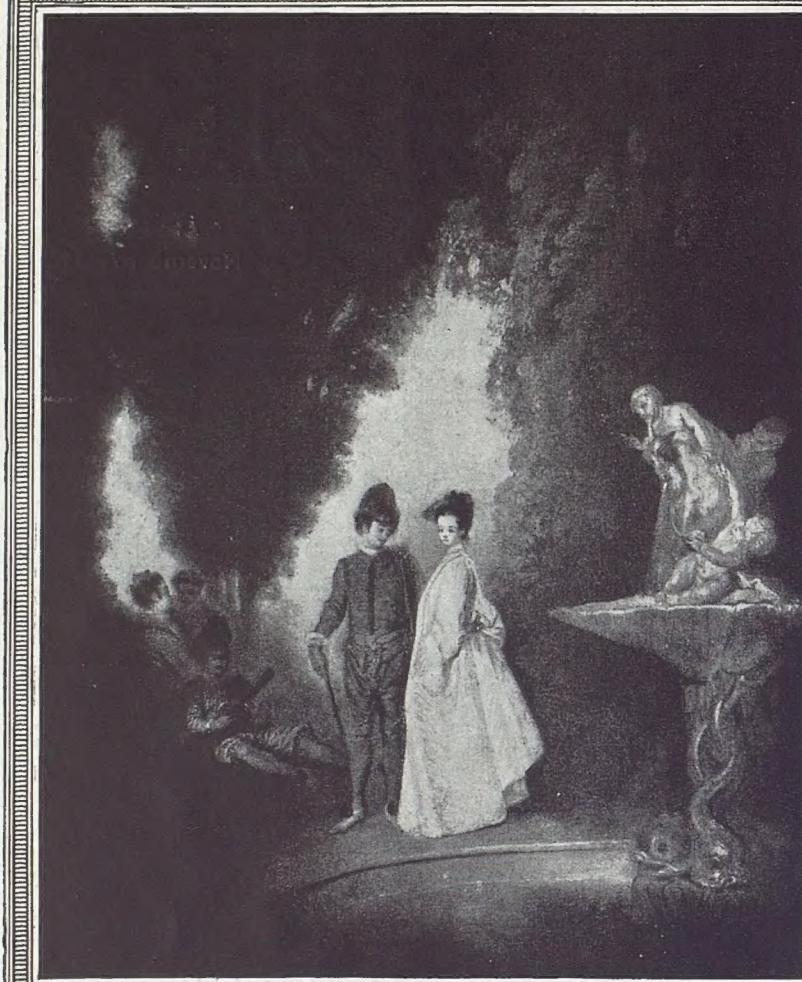
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Sir Robert Barclay Pearson

Sir Robert Pearson, Chairman of the Council of the London Stock Exchange since 1936, is a Scotsman. He is an old Loretto boy, an Advocate of the Scottish Bar and Member of the King's Body Guard for Scotland. He has five children, three sons and two daughters, all married. His London home is at Bryanston Court; his hobbies shooting and golf. Sir Robert's portrait is one of the unique series (of which more on pages 172 and 173) specially taken for TATLER as the first photographic record to be published of daily life on the London Stock Exchange



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with."

—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

The Lost Habit of Party-Going

THE human memory, it is pretty certain, tends to retain happy images more readily than unhappy ones. Here, perhaps, is as good evidence as you could want, of the survival in us of some last divine embers. But one gets at the same time as unused to pleasure as to pain. If ever I find a servant again to put out my clothes, to bring up breakfast, to polish my shoes, I shall for a while feel as queasy, I know, as now I do when somebody gives me a lift back to London in their car on Monday morning. Similarly, it will take one some time to regain the habit of party-going.

The Unfamiliar Oyster

I FELT this most strongly the other night when I went to my first slap-up party since peace broke out. I have naturally attended some of those uneventful cosy unpremeditated routs, where you meet all your old friends, and the drink runs out before midnight. But a real party means at least two bands, an oyster bar or a cabaret, drink flowing with the persistence of the Amazon, and a company so unknown to you, your friends stand out like the rarest mushrooms on an aerodrome.

All these elements, with oyster bar and cabaret together, enlivened the assembly to which I refer. I am alas! gregarious by nature. I plan an evening of research or writing. Once and for all, I vow, I'll solve the mystery of the Victorian Age or write a piece of prose to survive long after the name of Mr. Chuter Ede is forgotten. The telephone clangs. The prospect of a fatuously agreeable evening is suddenly dangled before one. Away scholarship, away immortality. One rushes into the company of people whose conversation is as amiably unintelligible to you as yours to them.

Mozart, Disraeli, El Greco and Pope are, of course, at one's shoulder to condone this weakness. But none of them, with all their fitful gaiety, would, I think, have done much better than we, had their thread, their habit of pleasure and party-going been broken for close on six years. Imagine Dizzy with both his dinner jackets lost, the moment not yet arrived for white ties, his sharp ears unaccustomed to the airy babble of two hundred voices, slightly raised to drown the tones of the band-leader asking if your rainbow had been late getting in?

Windsor Great Park

ONE of the consolations for existence in Outer Metroland is the nearness to my cottage of Windsor Great Park—the more remote, romantic part, the immemorial trees which must, you feel sure, have inspired the first important numbers of the young Alexander Pope. In between the fashionable gales one can walk there on a leaf-mould more pliant, more voluptuous, and infinitely less offensive than any Anglo-Persian carpet in any super cinema. Out of this silver brown luxury the trees rise on platforms of moss so green, it seems like some aniline dye. And far away through the turning leaves you catch sight of an obelisk, overhanging a forgotten lake.

"Butcher" Cumberland

FOR weeks we put off going to examine it. It was growing too dark, it was too far for small feet; it might provoke tears and hysteria before bedtime. Childless for a moment, however, we went the evening before last right up to the obelisk. It is most chaste and graceful, surmounted by a star that might well be a grenade.

To our surprise we found it had been erected at the command of George II, to the memory of William Augustus ("Butcher"), Duke of Cumber-

land (1721-1765). This "martial boy" as he was called in his springtime, son of George II and the charming Caroline of Anspach, was at one time the rising hope of British arms. Had he been properly supported his skill and courage might well have turned Fontenoy into our victory. No less a man than General Wolfe, hero of Quebec, spoke of him as "for ever doing noble and generous actions." His conduct at Culloden was without doubt masterly.

But his severity in the Highlands has become as legendary as Cromwell's in Ireland. His mounting unpopularity overflowed when in the Seven Years' War, by the humiliating capitulation of Klosterzeven he lost Hanover and forced a British army to lay down their arms. Here was a disaster worse than any of our Dunkirks. He was now execrated, and we last see him, a monstrous asthmatic figure,



Nobel Prize Winner

Dr. Ernest Boris Chain, of Oxford University, who with Sir Alexander Fleming and Sir Howard Walter Florey, shared jointly the 1945 Nobel prize for medicine—for the discovery of penicillin—was photographed at Oxford beside a portrait bust to which Mr. O. Nemon, the well-known sculptor, has just added the finishing touches

limping forward to give away little Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz at her marriage to the stubborn, well-intentioned young George III.

Ranger of Windsor Park

BUT in Windsor Park we encounter a more amiable side of Cumberland. Retired in disgrace to be Ranger of the Park he built the pretty Chinese temple on the island at Virginia Water—I can dislike no worthy of the eighteenth century, not even Frederick the Great, who built a Chinese temple—and gave his name to Cumberland Lodge.

"Give Me Your Little Paw"

THERE part of Queen Victoria's childhood was passed. Often she went to the Lodge to stay with

her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester. Once in 1826 during a visit there, she had an encounter with her uncle, George IV, which she was to remember for the rest of her long life. The King, corseted and bedizened, was infinitely affable, saying "Give me your little paw" and presenting her with his portrait set in diamonds, to be set on a blue ribbon and worn on the left shoulder as if it were a decoration.

Next day they encountered him in his phaeton. Sighting the little princess, "Pop her in," he cried, and off they went for a drive which was to remain one of her principal childhood pleasures, until it became fashionable to decry the loose life of the "First Gentleman." Then, she trumped up a legend of having been disgusted when he asked her to kiss him "because his face was covered in grease paint." But at that time half the kings of Europe painted.

"Prinny"

I MUST confess to a vast partiality for "Prinny." I do not at all subscribe to the caricature of him remotely drawn by Mr. Ginsbury in his successful play at the Savoy. His conduct of "Perdita" Robinson was of course heartless, but for the rest his women seem to me quite as naturally unpleasant as his treatment of them. In the matter of his divorce I entirely follow the lead of the Iron Duke who, when forced by a pro-Caroline mob to growl "Three Cheers for the Queen," added "And may your wives and daughters be like her."

Against heartlessness and perfidy in love we must set "Prinny" elegance, his wonderful taste. Carlton House, it is certain, was a masterpiece; the Pavilion at Brighton is surely the most enchanting dream palace built west of Peking; most of the finest furniture at Buckingham Palace or at Windsor can be traced to his collection. And nowhere does his charm, to which even Queen Victoria was forced to testify, stand out more vividly than in the story of his summoning Jane Austen to Carlton House, to tell her of his admiration, and then in agonies of shyness retiring without being able to say one word.

Dornford Yates

I WAS charmed to hear a woman on a railway platform yesterday crying with enthusiasm, she had found a new Dornford Yates. At once my childhood lost its mustiness. I remembered how eagerly I panted the *Strand* magazine, impatient to be transported into that dream world of Rolls-Royces round every corner, handsome men who combined manly moustaches, strength of character, a penchant for the Sex, and inexhaustible wit, and lovely American girls, quietly but superbly gowned, grey-eyed like Athene, without being ox-eyed like Hera.

Boy and Jonah and Berry, I calculate, must be rising sixty these days. I once came across an early Dornford Yates which portrayed a Boy already with the assurance of twenty-five, up to his flirtatious tricks somewhere about 1912. What I particularly like is the bland assumption in these books that no calamity can befall you worse than a certain difficulty about getting coal during the General Strike; and the supposition that no gentleman works.

The Dignity of Labour

HAVING been forced to work all my life, I entirely agree with this point of view. The elderly ladies who, from time to time, have warmly commended to me the dignity of labour, nearly always turned out to enjoy a handsome income either from land or gilt-edged. I can, indeed, conceive no state more desirable than to be a rentier, to do nothing for my income which would come from some gold-mine in Africa which I would never visit, and which, perhaps, did not even exist. For years I have been meditating the composition of a song on the subject. It begins :

"I would I were a rentier

"On the steps of Eden Roc"

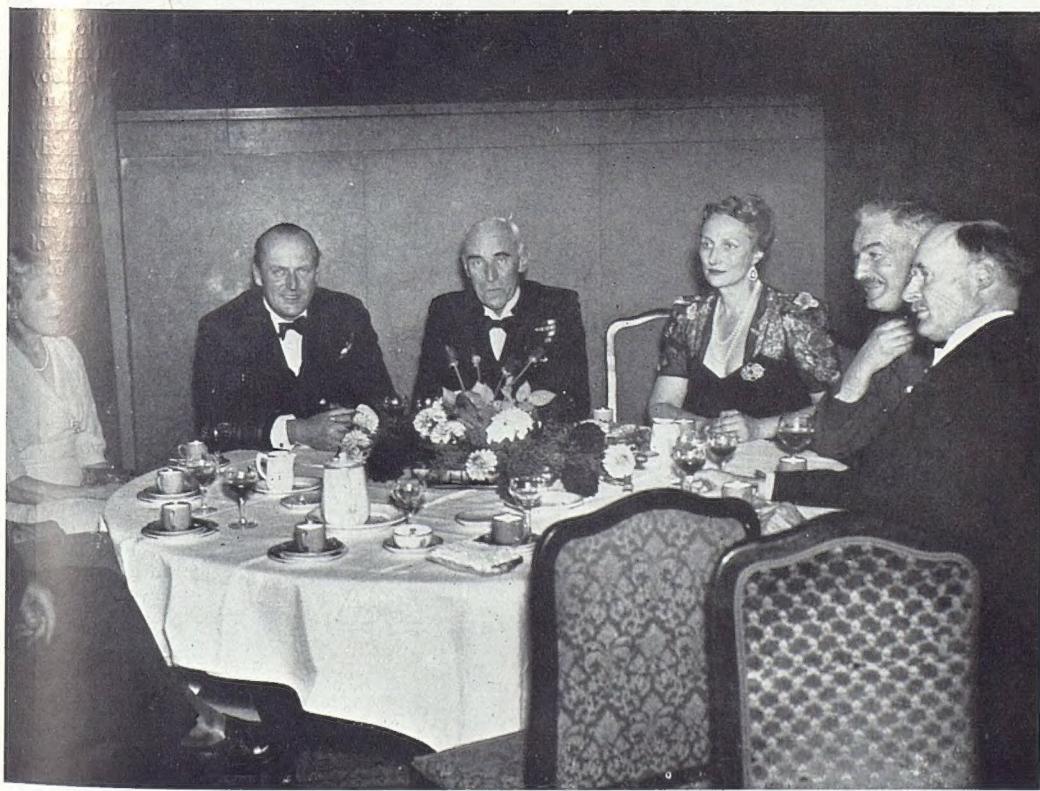
But I can never get beyond those two first lines. Nothing banal must follow them. But at the thought of perhaps one day becoming a rentier, my heart aches and a drowsy numbness lulls me into even greater banalities than are my normal production. . .

Simon Hascomt-Smith



The Duchess of Kent Presents A Third Life-boat V.C. to Coxswain Henry Blogg

The Duchess of Kent congratulated Coxswain Henry Blogg of Cromer after presenting him with the Gold Medal of the Royal National Life-boat Institution. Coxswain Blogg now holds the "Life-boat V.C." three times, and has also been awarded the George Cross and the British Empire Medal. This latest decoration was for rescuing eighty-eight lives from four out of six steamers which had been wrecked on the Haisborough Sands in August, 1941



Crown Prince and Princess of Norway Attend Farewell Dinner to Admiral Ritchie

The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway attended a farewell dinner in Oslo given for Rear Admiral J. S. M. Ritchie, C.B., R.N., when he hauled down his flag as Flag Officer, Norway. Afterwards Rear Admiral Ritchie left for the United Kingdom in H.M.S. *Diadem*. At the dinner table are Mrs. Corneliusen, wife of the Norwegian Naval C-in-C., Crown Prince Olaf, Admiral Ritchie, the Crown Princess, General Graham, and the British Ambassador, Sir Laurence Collier.



Abyssinian Princesses in England

The two granddaughters of the Emperor Haile Selassie have recently arrived in England to go to school over here. On their way over they had an exciting experience when their plane had to make a forced landing in Malta and burst into flames



AT THE PICTURES

with

Vanceegah.

Three Films

Rhapsody in Blue (Warners)

WHAT this film would say if it had the wit is a variation of something Walt Whitman wrote in *Collect* some time in the 'seventies:

Today, doubtless, the infant genius of American poetic expression lies sleeping, aside, unrecking itself, in some Western idiom, or native Michigan or Tennessee repartee, or stump speech—or in Kentucky or Georgia, or the Carolines—or in some slang or local song or allusion of the Manhattan, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore mechanic—or up in the Maine woods—or off in the hut of the Californian miner, or crossing the Rocky mountains, or along the Pacific railroad—or in the breasts of the young farmers of the north-west, or Canada, or boatmen of the lakes. Rude and coarse nursing-beds, these; but only from such beginnings and stocks, indigenous here, may haply arrive, be grafted and sprout, in time, flowers of genuine American aroma, and fruits truly and fully our own.

Rhapsody in Blue is doubtless intended to present the American musical expression of the early years of the present century. If this is so, then the passage from Whitman holds good, Baltimore mechanic and Californian miner being replaced by New York salesman and Harlem truck-driver. There is not, so far as I know, a single breath of the open air in the whole of Gershwin's music, which reeks of the dance-hall and is all a-throb with the ecstasies of belly and buttocks, and something that passes for heart-beats. Gershwin had a tiny but genuine talent for writing song hits, things like "Embraceable You," "Lady Be Good," "Swanee," "I Got Rhythm." And then Gershwin got ambition, which led to "Rhapsody in Blue," a poor thing but his own, and at any rate better than our own "Warsaw Concerto" which is a re-hash of Rachmaninoff built on an echo of Gershwin. It is significant that the Concerto in F is merely an enlarged "Rhapsody." And there Gershwin stopped, for one of two reasons. Either he had no genius, or jazz is not the material upon which works of genius can be built. I think both reasons are valid; it is certain that there is no future for jazz except with dance-hall maniacs. If you wanted to tell a deaf man what jazz sounded like, you could not do better than show him what the players of jazz look like. But Gershwin was not to be persuaded of this; at least this film claims that he was looking forward to following up his opera—*Porgy Grimes*, or some such name—with a ballet, a string quartet, and, believe it or not, a setting of the Gettysburg

Speech! Instead he died composing "Love Walked In." Whereat the film critic of the *Tatler* walked out.

A PART from the songs and the technical adroitness the film is a poor one for the reason that the story is poor. Too much of it is concerned with two love affairs, the one pretentious and the other tedious. *Rhapsody in Blue* has none of the vitality, movement, and fun of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and between you and me I hold that Cohan composed better tunes. Is it a pity that the elaborate synopsis was not more carefully supervised? Perhaps it doesn't matter if film-goers are told that the composer of the famous *Melody in F* was Anton Rubenstein (*sic*).

AND now here is something that I have been playing with for years. This is the notion of leper's squints for critics, so arranged that managements and public would not see them come or depart. I agree that this is a counsel of perfection, which is no reason why something in this direction should not be done. It is difficult to leave a theatre except between the acts because the act of leaving would be noticed. But in the cinema the thing would be easy were it not for the managerial habit of clustering in the foyer and keeping watch like warders on the look-out for escaping convicts.

IT is not that I hold *Guest Wife* (Gaumont) to be a bad film. It is an excellent film. But it is the kind of excellent film I just don't want to sit through. You see, I have already sat through it, or something like it, some five hundred times. Joe, having pretended to his boss that he is married, is compelled to produce a wife. Wherefore he borrows the wife of his best friend, Chris, a small-town bank manager. The New York papers reproduce a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Joe which the bank's customers recognize as Mr. Joe and a woman they had believed to be Mrs. Chris. Whereupon they argue that if a bank manager can steal another man's wife he can steal the depositors' money. There is a chase to New York where Mrs. Chris, for devilment, is pretending to be in love with Joe....

A GOOD critic will remember that he found this highly amusing five hundred times ago and will say that Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Richard Foran seemed to him to be doing it very well this time, and that he was deafened by the screams of the audience. But that is no reason why he should sit the thing through. Unfortunately, one hour and twenty minutes had elapsed before I realized the

existence of a small exit door through which I could escape unobserved into a side street.

Her Highness and the Bellboy (Empire)

charming or daft according as you like or dislike Ruritanian romance. Princess, presently Queen, Veronica visits New York hoping to meet Paul MacMillan, a columnist, for whom she had a "pash" as a child. At her hotel she meets Jimmy, a bellboy, who mistakes her for a new maid, and later imagines, having discovered his mistake, that the Princess, who in the meantime has become Queen, wants to marry him. But at the last minute compunction overtakes him, since he finds he cannot desert a bed-ridden little cripple who dotes on him. Magnanimously he gives up the kingship he thought he was being offered. Whereupon the Queen says: "Shucks! If that guy can do the big thing, so can this baby. I quit!" (Not quite in those words, of course.) Anyhow, she abdicates, and marries the columnist, and presumably spends the rest of her life going into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie. Robert Walker's charm as the bellboy just about lasts the picture through; June Allyson is the appealing kind of little actress I would give a £200,000 contract to; Hedy Lamarr invests Veronica with the queenliness of an upper housemaid; and my heart's delight, Agnes Moorehead, wears two of the most idiotic hats ever seen on the head of woman. All of which will make this film immensely popular.





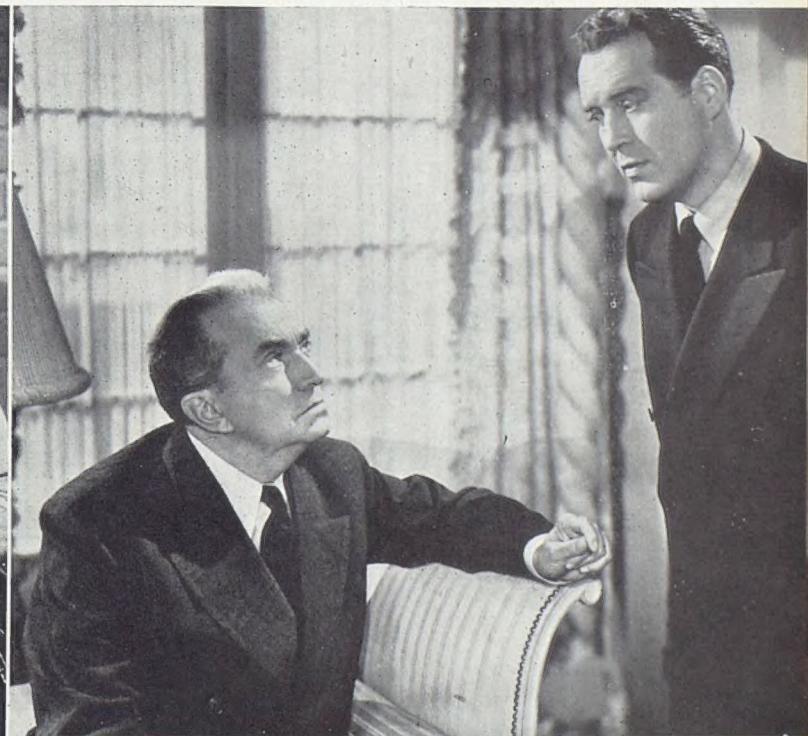
Chris Price and his adoring wife are off for a belated honeymoon, but Chris's best friend, Joe Parker (Don Ameche), turns up at the station and, in the muddle, Mary gets herself on the train with Joe and not Chris. On arrival in New York Mary finds she has to pose as Joe's wife

Two Husbands For
Claudette Colbert
In
"Guest Wife"

● Claudette Colbert, who is one of the most expert of screen heroines at getting herself into hilariously complicated situations, this time finds herself as Mary Price unwillingly posing as the wife of her husband's best friend. All very well for an hour or two to help someone out of a tough spot, but when the impersonation lasts for days and her own husband Chris is prevented from seeing her, Mary realizes things have gone beyond a joke. Joe, the best friend, who requires a wife to impress his sentimentally-minded boss, is played by Don Ameche, while the exasperated husband is Richard Foran. The situation is solved at last by Joe posing as a deserted husband when Mary is eventually able to escape with Chris



Chris (Richard Foran) is with Mary before starting off on their journey. It is later that Mary gets in the unfortunate position of having to pose as Joe's wife for a publicity stunt, and finds herself in more and more hot water in consequence



Chris ultimately arrives in town, and Mary has become thoroughly frightened because Worth (Charles Dingle), Joe's boss who is suspicious of Chris's amorous intentions, prevents his attempts to join her. Chris finds it necessary to give Joe a good punch on the nose before he gets Mary back

The Theatre

"Edipus" and "The Critic" (New)

A CHARGE often brought against the great actor is that it pleases him to appear in a flimsy piece on which he can force some figure of his own fancy and play the author off the stage. All Irving's impersonations were changelings, complained Mr. Shaw. His Hamlet and his Lear were to many people more interesting than Shakespeare's Hamlet and Lear; but the two pairs were hardly ever related. Nobody will venture to say of Mr. Laurence Olivier that, planning to thrust a *tour de force* upon the Old Vic's repertory season at the New, he either chose flimsy material or set himself up as a creative rival to his two authors. As Edipus he did his best to collaborate with Sophocles; and Sheridan, we may be sure, would have vastly enjoyed his hilarious Mr. Puff. Mr. Olivier enters the ranks of great actors with the sweet and commendable modesty of a good actor.

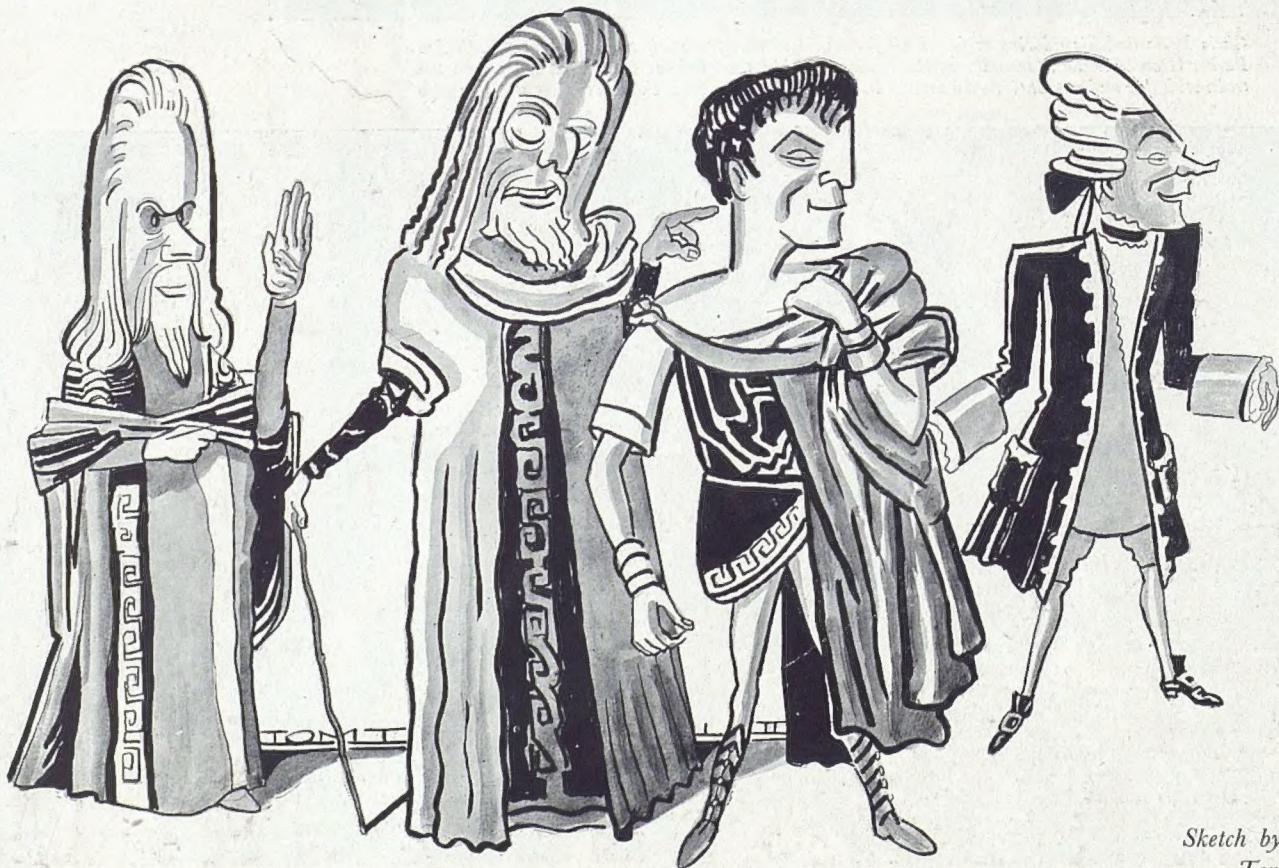
YET it is a curious evening's entertainment. Even the toughest aesthetic digestion will feel the strain. Having eaten Greek iron, we are invited to "top off" from a trayful of cream tarts, and the plain pudding of the producer's thanks to all and sundry which followed the iron on the first night did not help matters. (That players should be prone to iron out the illusion they have just created with flat speeches is perhaps to be expected and

endured: it merely reveals the defect of their histrionic quality; but producers should know better, especially one as sensitive as M. Michel Saint-Denis.) There is a great deal to be said against the idea of taking the salt taste of tragedy out of our mouths with a hearty dose of burlesque; but for those who like it that way here is the perfect theatrical repast. There is no mistaking the taste of iron in our mouths when the curtain falls on the stricken Theban palace. Edipus, as Mr. Olivier first presents him, is a handsomely self-assured king, confident that he can by his courage and honesty propitiate the gods who have visited his people with pestilence. Swiftly his large assurance gathers dark clouds of fate until thunder rolls and lightning flashes in dread catastrophe, but through it all this Edipus is Edipus still. There is nobility in the man who, desperately and as though against his own natural desires, seeks that which must wreak his own doom. It is the persistence of this nobility which touches us still in the ancient and (by the standards of modern detective fiction) preposterous myth, and it is the power of impressing this quality upon the audience without abating Edipus' honour of his deeds that is the glory of Mr. Olivier's performance. The fine anguish of his despairing cry when the last doubt has been dispelled is unforgettable in its controlled intensity. There are some

admirably firm sketches to set off the central figure—Mr. George Curzon's coolly superior Creon, that irritatingly just man, the Tiresias of Mr. Ralph Richardson, the statuesque Jocasta of Dame Sybil Thorndike and the Chorus Leader of Mr. Nicholas Hannen. M. Saint-Denis produces with deepest, imaginative touches, and W. B. Yeats's version of the play, preferred to Professor Gilbert Murray's more familiar translation, has the cardinal theatrical merit of moving with strong and simple grace.

THE second part of the evening also belongs to Mr. Olivier. He is a dapper Mr. Puff, the gentleman who as long ago as 1781 had reduced the gentle art of advertisement to regular rule and scientific method and whose tragedy suffered such grievous mangling at the hands of the players whose rule and method were neither regular nor scientific. Mr. George Relph, Mr. Curzon, Mr. Miles Malleson, as his critics, unselfishly play down to Mr. Olivier, who is well able to concentrate all the fun of the three into his own part. He sticks at nothing—flinging snuff into the air and catching it with his nostrils, banging his head in a frenzy of vexation against the walls of the stage bed and letting the unruly waters that blew the Armada away waft him up into the "flies." As a *tour de force* it is brilliant; but Mr. Olivier's humour is of a sardonic turn; and he cannot really command Mr. Puff's Irish gaiety of mind. Mr. Ralph Richardson makes a single comic appearance as the thoughtful Lord Burleigh who is nothing but thoughtful: he utters not a word. Mr. Nicholas Hannen adds a finely polished piece of burlesque in his pathetically foolish Governor of Tilbury, and a young actress, Miss Nicolette Bernard, shows a nice sense of burlesque and takes the stage well as Tilburina. Her confidante is Miss Joyce Redman, who gives an exquisitely ludicrous performance.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Sketch by
Tom Titt

Characters from "Edipus" and "The Critic." The Chorus Leader (Nicholas Hannen), Tiresias, the blind prophet (Ralph Richardson), who knows too well the disasters about to befall the unhappy king, and King Edipus of Thebes (Laurence Olivier), the unwitting pawn of a most unhappy destiny. In the background Mr. Puff (Laurence Olivier), the pert and witty playwright of "The Critic"



John Vickers

Laurence Olivier as Oedipus

JENNIFER WRITES

NOTES IN THE MARGIN

Nov. 8

Marie Ney back in London after six years' absence. Nearly caught by Japs in Singapore, has since been in S. Africa, Australia, Europe, playing Shakespeare to the troops.

Stars in "The Trojan Women" at Lyric, Hammersmith

Nov. 10

Ball in aid of St George's Hospital, Grosvenor House. Duchess of Grafton and team of young things organised it.

Nov. 13

Malcolm Sargent, Moisiewitsch and the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Albert Hall, in aid of Tox H. The Queen to be there.

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

CHANGES AT ST. JAMES'S

RECENT changes in the Diplomatic Corps have brought several fresh faces to London. Spain, Turkey, Venezuela and Dominica are among those countries altering their representation at St. James's, with a number of other States likely to follow their example in the near future, all of which entails a good deal of work for both Sir Sidney Clive, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and his deputy, Sir John Monck, whose immaculate clothes, perfect manners and invariable monocle make him the very prototype of an English diplomat.

Sir John, who is reputed to speak with fluency and ease some twenty-two languages, arranges the details of the farewell audience and departure of all retiring Ministers and the reception and presentation to His Majesty of their successors, a ceremony which, with the Foreign Secretary or his Permanent Secretary in attendance at Buckingham Palace, takes place with practically no variation in the procedure of the past three centuries or more.

ABBEY CHRISTENING

H.R.H. ALEXANDER, Crown Prince of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, cried heartily, as all good babies should, during his baptism in the rites of the Eastern Orthodox Church. This was in the presence of the King and Queen, his parents, King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, his grandmother, Princess Alexander of Greece, King George of the Hellenes, Prince Tomislav, his uncle, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Helen of Serbia, Princess George of Greece, the Duchess of Montora, Prince Vsevolode and Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Princess Eugenie Radziwill and Lt.-Commander Prince Dimitri.

The ceremony, which took place in Westminster Abbey, was conducted by the Patriarch Gavrilo, Bishop Nikolai, the Metropolitan Germanius, and Father Nikolic, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster and the Archpriest Theokritoff, who made a wonderful picture in their magnificent vestments.

His Majesty the King (who was wearing Naval uniform) and Princess Elizabeth were the godparents. The King's duties, as the senior sponsor, included carrying the baby three times round the font, following the officiating priest. The baby lay peacefully in the King's arms, and at the end of this part of the ceremony His Majesty gently handed the little Prince back to his nurse.

After the service the Queen, who wore a long silver-fox stole over her black velvet coat, walked down the Abbey with King Peter, while the King walked with Queen Alexandra, who looked charming in a brown suit with a little velvet cap looped in front, and lovely diamond clips in the lapels of her coat.

The little Marquesa Nicolette Farace, granddaughter of Princess Helen of Serbia, was with Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, who wore a little mink-and-velvet hat with her mink coat.

Among others at the ceremony were the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the latter looking very chic in a black suit with a large pale-blue beret-shaped hat; Mme. Verduynen with her husband, the Dutch Ambassador; Lady Killearn, wife of our Ambassador in Cairo; Mrs. Simon Rodney, Lady Melchett and Sir Thomas and Lady Cook. The Patriarch Gavrilo, who had come to this country specially for the baptism, was one of the most courageous men in Yugoslavia when the Nazis occupied the country. Because of the inspiration he gave to his countrymen, he was arrested by the Germans and sent to the dreaded Dachau camp.

WINDSOR WEDDING

SIR GEORGE'S CHAPEL, Windsor, was crowded with friends and relatives of bride and bridegroom when the marriage took place of Lord Kimberley to Miss Diana Legh, daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir Piers and Lady Legh. Sir Piers Legh, who is Master of the Royal Household, gave away the petite bride,

who looked quite charming in a dress of softly falling ivory-coloured satin, trimmed with pearls, her full tulle veil kept in place by a double strand of pearls to which a posy of orange-blossom was fastened. Her bouquet was of pink and white roses, and her only attendant was her twelve-year-old step-niece, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, who wore a replica of the bride's dress and a wreath of red roses. It was not until the end of the service, when they saw them coming down the centre aisle on their way out by the main door, that the congregation realised that the King and Queen were present. The King was in Service dress, and the Queen had on a black velvet coat bordered with black silk braid and a pretty little black hat trimmed with heron's feathers. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were with them.

RECEPTION

THREE of the State apartments in Windsor Castle were lent by the King for the reception after the ceremony. In the first of them guests were received by the bride's parents, Sir Piers and Lady Legh, and the bridegroom's mother, Lady Kimberley. The groom was in Service dress, as was his best man, Mr. A. N. Breitmeyer, a brother-officer in the Grenadier Guards. When the cake had been cut—and doing it with the groom's sword proved rather a difficult task—the King asked everybody to drink to the health of the bride and groom. To this Lord Kimberley replied in a few well-chosen words.

AMONG THE GUESTS

THE KING OF THE HELLENES was among those present, and Lady Patricia Ramsay was there, as tall and good-looking as ever. Lady Grenfell, who is the bride's stepsister, was wearing a small cap of green cock's feathers, and it was amusing to note how popular feathers have become, ostrich being first in the running. Lady Brabourne had a mixture of green ones and some other colour, Lady Allendale had pink ones in her wine-red hat, Mrs. June de Trafford a mass of black ones, and Lady Avice Spicer a pink mixture.

Some young girls had decided on flower wreaths instead of hats at all, among them Miss Sarah Dashwood, Miss Anne Curzon-Howe and Miss Paddy Duncan, who was with her brother and his pretty blonde wife, who was the Hon. Synolda Butler, and their mother. Lord and Lady Ormonde sat together near Lady George Cholmondeley and Lady Dashwood. I saw Sir Percy and Lady Loraine, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat, Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, who came with the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, and Mrs. John Dewar. The Hon. Kay Norton came along with her brother, Lord Grantley. Mrs. Corrigan's black draped turban was high and smart: she was talking to Mr. Henry Channon. Lady Hardinge of Penshurst was notable for the epaulettes to her black coat, which sparkled like diamonds. In addition, there were numerous well-known members of the Court to be seen, including Sir Alan Lascelles and Sir Eric Miéville.

NEXT MONTH'S PREMIÈRE

OVER four thousand pounds was raised at the first committee meeting held to arrange the world première of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, on December 13th, in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital. In the absence of the chairman, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the deputy-chairman, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, told the meeting that once again Mr. Arthur Rank had given the film and theatre for the evening and, in addition, had purchased a very large block of seats. Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously consented to be present, and the première promises to be outstandingly successful. In a short speech, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, hon. treasurer of the première, told the meeting that this hospital is the only building in London named after his mother, Princess Beatrice, who died just over a year ago. He told of the great personal interest she had taken in it since it started with only twelve beds and with what pride she watched it grow into the splendid hospital it is to-day.



The Earl of Kimberley, Grenadier Guards, and his bride, Miss Diana Evelyn Legh, are leaving the church after their wedding at St. George's Chapel, Windsor

Wedding at Windsor Castle

The Earl of Kimberley
and Miss Diana Legh

Members of the Royal Family, including the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, with King George of the Hellenes, attended the marriage of the Earl of Kimberley and Miss Diana Evelyn Legh, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The bride is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh and Lady Legh, of Henry VIII. Gateway, Windsor Castle, and the Earl of Kimberley is the only son of the late Earl of Kimberley and Margaret Countess of Kimberley. There was one bridesmaid, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, Lord and Lady Grenfell's only daughter, and the best man was Mr. A. N. Breitmeyer, Grenadier Guards. A reception was held at Windsor Castle.



The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose and the King of the Hellenes, were walking down the steps of St. George's Chapel after the ceremony, accompanied by the Dean of Windsor



New hats sit well on the latest hair style. Back view is as becoming as the front. The idea, however, is not likely to be popular in the front row of the stalls. Mme. Maude, who is adjusting the model's hat, is herself demonstrating a new idea to us: it is the overlapping band of felt at the nape of her neck which allows the back curls to escape.

Debut of a Hair Style

Half-Curls and False Puffs Stage a Come-Back



For the grand occasion, the coiffure is built up at each side of the face with false puffs and curls. The hat provides the finishing touch—it is of brown velvet embroidered with black jet and a spray of orange-coloured Paradise



Is the Duchess of Windsor contemplating a change of hair style? She seems to be discussing the possibilities with her modiste, Mme. Suzanne Talbot, whom she met for the first time since 1940 at M. Guillaume's reception

RENAISSANCE

VOICI comment j'ai nommé ma NOUVELLE LIGNE
Je la définirai en trois points :
o SUPPRESSION de tous les échafaudages au HAUTIER ...
de toutes les cascades en PEGUINIER
o DÉGAGEMENT total de la LIGNE du FRONT
mettant en valeur sa PURETÉ
o INSRIPTION de la COIFFURE dans un TRIANGLE
dont la pointe repose sur la NUQUE ...
CESTE NOUVELLE COIFFURE n'est-elle pas
"RENAISSANCE" de l'ÉLEGANCE par l'harmonie
du visage avec le Chignon et la Robe ?
"RENAISSANCE" de la DIGNITÉ PERSONNELLE
par le rayonnement d'un front pur
spiritualité du visage ?
"RENAISSANCE" de la COUPLESSE
égalité de la CHEVALIÈRE
par les
RÉFLÈTS de CLAIR OBSCUR
illuminant sa teinte
AU VUEILLE
Personnalité de
la
FEMME



M. Guillaume becomes lyrical on the possibilities of his new hair style. He says it will mean not only a renaissance of elegance, but also a renaissance of feminine personality; because it will reveal to the full the beauty and spirituality of the forehead and face



For evening, the "renaissance" becomes higher, more extreme. The centre parting scarcely shows, the hair is brushed straight back and then forward on each side in two large puffs, high on each side of the head. The back part is brushed towards the centre from each side into a vertical roll



Here, white hair gives a faintly Pompadour air. The model's own hair is streaked with white mascara, and snow-white hair is added to spread out fanwise high at each side like a halo. Few women in Paris now wear their hair as nature willed it. It must be any colour but their own



A Broker Checking His Prices: Either before or after dealing he looks to see what the prices are. A broker is understood to be, and usually is, acting for a client outside the "House"



Secretary of Records Department: Mr. A. G. Ashby scrutinises the financial history of all promotions on the Stock Exchange



Getting Prices: On the floor of the "House" members are busy "getting prices" from the jobbers. A jobber is a member of the Stock Exchange who, according to the rules of that body, does business only with other members

The London Stock Exchange

A Unique View of the Interior of the "House" in Working Hours



The Council in Session: Standing reading the Minutes is the General Secretary of the Council, Mr. A. L. F. Green; seated next to him is the Chairman, Sir Robert Pearson, and the two Deputy Chairmen, Mr. R. P. Wilkinson and Mr. Urling Clark. The Council meets every Monday

Until 1773 the London Stock-brokers conducted their business in and about the Royal Exchange. They later formed themselves into an association and removed to Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane. It was in 1885, however, that a very great increase in the accommodation was made which was for many years afterwards known as the "new house," and is, in fact, always talked of merely as the "House" to-day. These buildings occupy by far the greater portion of the triangular area of which Throgmorton Street, Bartholomew Lane, part of Threadneedle Street and Old Broad Street form the sides. Membership of the Stock Exchange is for twelve months only; everyone without exception who wishes to remain a member must be re-elected annually. During the war years the floor of the "House" completely lost its habitually crowded air, as such a very large number of members were away serving in the Forces. It is still comparatively empty, although members are returning one by one



A Slack Moment in the "House": When business is slack, cross-word puzzles are in demand. The London Stock Exchange is, remarkable for having developed spontaneously a special mode of doing business, namely, the differentiation of members into jobbers and brokers

PRISCILLA in

P A R I S

".... FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE"

DO.A.H.—By the time this reaches you Election Sunday will be ancient history, but it is not too late, I hope, for a few little side-show smiles about the great event. French women, on the whole, are not politically-minded, but now that they have been given the vote they are "jolly well going to use it for better or worse," says my concierge, while her dour husband growls, from behind *l'Huma*, "For worse!"

Perhaps you will get a giggle or two that I don't intend, for I suddenly discover that I am somewhat vague about the technical terms one uses aenent these matters in English. However, I presume that an isoiloire is a polling booth, although the dictionary says that isoiloire means "insulator" or "insulating stool"! The curtain-shrouded booths of the VIth Arrondissement that I visited, having to cart several bedridden invalides there in my ambulance, may have "insulated" the single souls they sheltered, but they were certainly not "non-conductors of electricity" when a young couple entered one of them together and had a few last-moment words that were evidently more of the non-non order than the oui-oui!

On account of the present dearth of material—silk, satin, calico, velvet, rags—the curtains of the isoiloires were so short that a susceptible agent de police became somewhat hot under the collar at the view of so many isolated legs. He was able to cool off for a while, however, when the Little Sisters of the Poor came to vote, and he politely held back the curtains for them when they had trouble with their immense white coiffes in the restricted confines of aforesaid booths.

THE Paris policemen were on their best behaviour on this occasion. They looked after the kiddies in their prams while mother did 'er dooty, and even kept an eye on the dogs that were tied up to the railings outside.

Here are some remarks heard in the crowd: A road-sweeper: "What a mess! This'll cost me a new broom!" A rag-and-bone merchant: "What a harvest! Fifty kilos of waste paper!" A housewife (after waiting in the queue): "The

butcher closes at midday!" Chorus (as the draught whistles down the street): "Gone with the wind!"

The Press photographers were out en force, but they didn't seem to have much of a bag. Even at night there was not much excitement when the first results were announced, but then, of course, they were practically a foregone conclusion. The excitement may come later, and if it is the kind that so many people fear, I ha me doots as to whether we shall enjoy it. Personally, I'm an optimist. France, certainly, is in a what-you-m'-call-it of a mess, but she'll climb out of it okie-dokie!

You will have noticed that amongst the Ministers returned is M. Pineau, who does his best to fill our little tummies. I believe in M. Pineau. He is slim. A fat Food Minister would be too revolting. He often seems to make mistakes, but just as often he corrects those errors. F'instance, after having curtailed all luxuries, we are now permitted game and oysters, and restaurants are allowed to serve "extras" over and beyond the usual menu. Oh, mong Dew (as the British French master of a young nephew's prep. school used to say), here I am on the food question again. No matter, since it leads up to something I want to write about—the dinner-party given by the Duke and his Duchess at their doll's house on the Boulevard Suchet. Not that it is a tiny house, but it has that square effect beloved of nursery doll's-house architects. One feels that there is probably a latch on one side and hinges on the other, and that the whole front will swing open at a touch.

I s there any lovelier light than that of candles on a dinner-table, their orange flame reflected on the gold and silver plate, making plain women lovely and the lovely ones more beautiful than they need be? Lady Diana Duff Cooper, in black tulle with long, transparent sleeves, necklace and earrings of pearls and diamonds, makes one feel that it is not fair that any woman should be so exquisite, candles or no candles. The Hon. Daisy Fellowes was Schiaparelli at her best, in black and gold. It is only recently that I came across *Cats in the*

Isle of Man, a book she wrote some years ago. "Not mother's best," one of her daughters told me, in the tone of voice that school marmis use when they say, "So-'n-So is a gifted girl, but she can do better when she tries." The Comtesse de Contades, who has such a brilliant war record and wears the Croix de Guerre on her ambulance-driver's uniform, was dark, vivid and very séduisante in black velvet and pearls. She is one of those rare French women who speak English as perfectly as H.R.H. speaks French, as Mme. la Générale Juin (the party was in honour of the Général Juin and his good lady) delightedly discovered.

TH E D U C H E S S, who is one of those charming hostesses who take pains to entertain their guests, wore white, a severe sheath of heavy, creamy brocade. With her gleaming, dark hair closely dressed and her slightly slanting eyebrows, the effect was somewhat, and most becomingly, Chinese. She also wore some gorgeous ruby ear-rings and a ruby-and-diamond clip that looked lovely against the white. The menu was distinctly post-war, but French chefs have learned to cope with the materials that Minister Pineau allows, with excellent results. I don't think that H.R.H. will have to angle for his fish at the Point du Jour yet awhile with a length of twine and a bent pin and his toes in the water, nor will the Duchess have to join the string-bag brigade while there are tins in U.S.A. and Prunier's remains open.

My "sick-wagon" job took me down to Lyons last week-end. The city of silks and many bridges is picking up nicely, thankee, and the townsfolk look busy and cheerful, if not exactly prosperous. The country just now is too lovely for words and the road surface really excellent, considering all things. In some of the smaller towns and villages one can simply gorge, but 'ware transporting any ravitaillement! If the gendarmes catch you, you are in for twenty-four hours bread-and-water, to say nothing of having the stuff confiscated and a thumping big fine to pay. No! Not my experience. I'm canny. But I've 'eard the other chaps talk!

PRISCILLA.



Le Conservatoire, which is State-controlled is the place where young French enthusiasts, both amateurs and actors, go to learn the art of drama and lyric. In this photograph two young competitors are rehearsing a scene before the admission contest



Edward Stirling is to be sincerely congratulated for having done so much to entertain the troops. His English theatre company was a great feature of Paris theatrical life before the war, and it is hoped that it will flourish again in the not very distant future



Mme. Olesia Sienkiewicz, the well-known interior decorator, may have no stockings but she certainly has a goodly array of bottles beside her, and has succeeded in keeping the home fires burning as well as doing excellent war work running an ambulance



Col. and Mrs. Hutchison at the Doorway of Their Home



The Croft, Forgandenny

The Conservative Member for Glasgow Central In His Highland Home

Col. J. R. H. Hutchison, who is the Conservative Member for Glasgow Central, played a valiant part during the war with the Maquis behind the German lines. He was elected at the General Election and had not previously stood for Parliament. In addition to his Parliamentary duties, Col. Hutchison is a director of a well-known Glasgow shipping company, and is also one of Perthshire's most progressive agriculturists. He and his charming wife, whom he married in 1928, lived before the war at Old Rossie House until they moved into their present headquarters, The Croft, on a nearby estate.

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



Mrs. Hutchison, the Member for Glasgow Central's decorative wife, was photographed in the garden of The Croft. She was Miss Winefryde Eleanor Mary Craft before her marriage

The Spirit of Gothic Sculpture

Revived by Clare Sheridan



Clare Sheridan is Looking at the 1513 Family Bible in the Gothic Chapel. Above Her, Over the Altar, is the "Risen Christ"

• The work of Clare Sheridan as a sculptor and a writer is well known all over the world. A great traveller, she has had a period of retreat during the five-and-a-half years of war, and has lived almost entirely at the old Sheridan family home, Brede Place, in Sussex. There she has been engaged on carving in stone, and on old, dead trees in the spirit of the Gothic period. The family home itself has been requisitioned during the war, so she has been living and working in a small cottage in the grounds. The house is fourteenth century, with its own chapel, for which Clare Sheridan has carved a "Risen Christ" in oak, while the clipped yew hedges and old-fashioned spacious gardens are of the Sheridan times. Clare Sheridan is working now on a life-sized crucifix which she is carving from a dead cherry-tree. She found it during a visit to a famous cherry-orchard in a neighbouring village, where her attention was arrested by the stark, dead tree with its branches extending upwards. Among her portrait busts of well-known people are those of Winston Churchill, of whom she is a cousin, Lord Oxford and Asquith, Lord Birkenhead and Gandhi. Unafraid of criticism, she went out to Moscow at a time when the country was greatly in the discount, and sculptured the heads of Lenin and Trotsky, and several other prominent members of the Soviet Government.



A Fine Bronze by Clare Sheridan



Clare Sheridan Feeding the Goats at Brede Place



Bishop of Rochester Visits Film Unit on Location in the Medway

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester since 1940, well known as a sportsman, soldier and author, has been visiting the film unit making "Great Expectations." The unit are using Fort Darnett as headquarters. The fort was built during the Napoleonic Wars by convict labour conscripted from the prison hulks described by Dickens in the opening chapters of the novel, and to-day provides an ideal pied-à-terre for the artists and technicians. The island is in the Bishop's diocese, and Dr. Chavasse spent a day with the company, finding much of interest to discuss with the star, John Mills



Montgomery Examines a Film of El Alamein; Churchill Celebrates its Anniversary

The third anniversary of the Battle of El Alamein was celebrated on the 23rd of last month. The occasion called for speeches, and in a tribute to Mr. Churchill, Field-Marshal Montgomery said: "He and I might have been the builders of victory, but I think you will agree that he was the architect of victory." Returning the compliment, Mr. Churchill described the Field-Marshal as "one of the greatest living masters of the art of war." On the left, Field-Marshal Montgomery is examining a film of the Battle taken by Terry Ashwood, Pathé cameraman (seen with the Field-Marshal), who was one of the official newsreel photographers, and, right, Mr. Churchill listens intently as he waits for the dinner celebrations to begin



By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

The Ashes

THE general tone of the invitation to the M.C.C. from the Australian Board of Cricket Control for the tour of 1946-47, and the emphasis laid upon the fact that "the play's the thing," bids us believe that those evil things the Bodyline Battle and Barracking are, like the fabled stumps, also Ashes. They did no good to anyone, least of all to the great game. Never again, I hope, shall we hear an M.C.C. skipper recommended not to mind the flies, because they were his only friends! Boisterous chaff, of course, but, in view of other acts, matters and things, with far too much sting in its tail. All now seems to be, what I suppose I ought to call, either "Bonza" or "Fair Dinkum"! I am a bit rocky about the correct idiom!

Jumping

THE thing to bear in mind, as I suggest, is that, bar Cheltenham in March, Wetherby in the same month, and now a few outings at Taunton, Fontwell, etc., our horses have had the thick end of five years of idleness, since Bogskar's 1940 National, in which to forget what a steeplechase fence looks like, whereas the Irish invaders, who are sure to be in force by the time Aintree comes round (we hope Lord Rosebery is right) next March, have been in magnificent practice all through the war years, and that hunting in that country has never stopped, whereas over here it has been, and still is, a mere ghost of its former self. Ireland has not so much as heard the sound of a heavy shell from the skies: here, we have not only been the forward base of the biggest military operation in history, and an unsinkable aircraft-carrier, which our friends were so engrossed as to believe that it was vital to the common interest to preserve, but we have been subjected to intensive heavy bombardment at very short range. We are so averse from descending upon anything that we may have done or suffered, that, just occasionally, it seems desirable that we should venture to catalogue a few little things. The marvel is, not that we have managed to carry on racing and hunting even in so muted a tone, but that we are on the earth at all. The enemy, luckily, was a bit slower in the uptake, where "heavy water" was concerned, than we expected him to be. We also owe the fact of our survival to the man who refused to strike the flag, when all the world said that we were wide open, and as good as knocked out of the ring. We, as a nation, accept any stray bouquets as shyly as did the Prime Minister of all time, Mr. Winston Churchill. Jumping had to go, because it was not necessary to our great industry, bloodstock breeding, and the nation "took it," just as it did, and still does, living on short commons. Jumping—and with that goes hunting, that valuable preparatory school—is bound to continue on a limited scale for some time to come, put as brave a face on it as we may. It would be sheer stupidity to expect anything else. We have almost forgotten what a beef-steak or a mutton chop looks like. That goes for the present situation all round. We have not squawked; therefore, according to the world, we must be O.K.

Ammunition

TO talk of it seems rather like whistling in the dark going through a churchyard, and, personally, I do not expect anyone to believe a single word I may write, because, quite frankly, I do not believe one half of it myself. We have some horses that used to be of good class, but put six years on to anything's life, be it a horse or a human, and then ask yourself the obvious question. Make it six years of idleness. Even the best fiddler ever foaled, if he had been deprived of his instrument for all that time, would find his fingers all thumbs.

The greatest drawback from which the jumper has had to suffer is the almost complete lack of schooling out hunting. I, naturally, speak of the countries in which, thanks to the wire fund, it used to be possible to let them slip along: that dream, the Quorn, where everything is fair to the horse that can claim to be a horse at all; the lovely Pytchley, always as light as a spring-board, and with obstacles that compel him to "mind" himself—Warwickshire lays them almost as well—that Fernie timber (it cost me a collar-bone last time out); the uncompromising Cottesmore; the Grafton, likewise a snorter to cross—and I link the Whaddon, its offshoot, with it—and lots more, not forgetting that little Yorkshire gem, the Sinnington, where you can gallop and jump till you are sick. Memories of Rook Barugh and other nests of straight-necked foxes! Of all these have those grand and valiant trainers of jumpers been deprived, and how finely they have stood it! I invite everyone to follow me in taking off their hats to them. There has not been a single whimper out of them. A great lot of patriots, who have had to face just about as tough a time as any subject of the Realm. This is saying a very great deal. However, to the horses! It has always been said about the National: first time round, ride him as if you had a fox and a pack of hounds in front of you; second time round, ride a race. You cannot pull jumpers out of a hat like the conjurer does rabbits. So this is why I say, do not let us expect too much, even though there are still some horses alive which were classable as being off the top shelf.

Details

THE Irish opposition is bound to be formidable, but it is just possible we may not have to include in it the winner of their 1945 National. Heirdom is a very old horse, and he had only 9 st. 7 lb. on his back. They handicap him 3 st. below Mr. J. V. Rank's champion, Prince Regent. This great chaser had a sore back when the Irish National was run, and so they could not get a saddle on him. There are plenty more. I think Callaly, another aged one, who ran up to Heirdom, might be one of them; there is Whelan, who won the big Baldy Doyle Handicap 'Chase in February from a field which included Prince Regent. There are Prince Blacklock, Knight Paladin, a winner at Leopardstown and of the Champion 'Chase at Naas with 12 st. 9 lb.; First of the Dandies, a recent winner at Limerick over 3 miles and, my scout says, a very nice horse; Golden Prince, Roman Hackle, Doremi, National Lad, a few pounds better than Roman Hackle, and one could almost fill a book with them. And we have not got too many, and at the moment hardly know what we have got. Amongst the top-sawyers: Red Rower, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup on St. Patrick's Day this year; that honest and consistent Schubert, Paladin (second and third in the Gold Cup), Poet Prince, a high-class horse, a recent winner against nothing at Taunton, but let us remember that he has won the Stanley 'Chase at Aintree; Tallin, a nice stamp of horse, conqueror, at nearly a stone the worse of the deal, of Poet Prince at Cheltenham in March this year; Post Horn, Red Prince, Chaka, The Hack, Medoc II., Bogskar, now a bit on in years, but still in the fighting line (*vide* Wincanton and Poet Prince), a first-class horse, a beautiful jumper with that touch of pace which his breeding



Youngest Follower of the Woodland Pytchley

Miss Priscilla Berry, who is riding her black Shetland pony Cinders, attended a cubbing meet of the Woodland Pytchley recently. She is the four-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. F. M. Berry, of Sudborough, Northants, and is quite the youngest follower of that well-known pack

bestows; and a few more, but not very many, and they have all a long way to make up on the Irishmen. I think that it would be literally true to say that an Irish horse imbibes his jumping talent with his mother's milk, for whenever she fancies a bit of emerald green in the next field, she is up and over the bank, and the foal after her just as neat as ninepence.

The Dewhurst

TO round off the flat-racing season, so far as present circumstances permit—comment on the Cambridgeshire eluding me—Hypericum's quite bloodless victory in the Dewhurst takes us no farther along the path than we were after His Majesty's nice filly by Hyperion ran a creditable second to Khaled in the Middle Park. To say that Hypericum is a good one, and that her breeding tells us that she ought to stay, is only to utter the kind of truism which is always a bit tiresome! The answer to "How good?" is the one that we want. We do not even know whether she ran up to the best of the colts in Khaled. Many people, and I am one of them, think not. It is all just a guessing game. A little while ago it was shouted from the house tops that Rivaz was the best two-year-old of either sex. What must we think now after both Gulf Stream and Neolight have laid her out stone-cold over 6 furlongs (Gimcrack and Cheveley).



"Well, you've been riding her all afternoon"



Gordon Richards (left), on Sugar Palm, fighting out the finish of the race for the Stoke Place Handicap at Windsor, when he was placed third to War Hero and Elysium

Windsor and Wincanton

Flat Racing in Berkshire and Steeplechasing
in Somerset



Lady Digby was at the races with Mr. Morrison.
Lady Digby is the wife of Lord Digby and a sister
of Lord Aberdare



Together were Miss Belinda Belville, Mrs. Belville, Brig. Coombe, D.S.O., who is just back from Italy, Major Daly, Scots Guards, J. A. Hall, the well-known trainer, and, in front, Master James Daly and Miss Camilla Belville



The Hon. Stephen Fox-Strangways, Lord Stavordale's younger son, and the Hon. Valentine Thynne, third son of Viscount Weymouth, were taking their racing seriously



Mrs. I. Phillips, Lady Essex, wife of the Earl of Essex, and Mr. H. L. Lang-Coath, Master of the Llondebie and Penllergaer Hunt, were all enjoying life



Mrs. D. Johnson was chatting to Lady Sybil Phipps, who is a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, Mr. C. B. H. Phipps, and their son, Mr. C. N. Phipps



Col. W. E. Lyon, who is well known in the 'chasing world, and his wife were both at Wincenton and well prepared against bad weather



Exchanging news between watching the races were Mrs. Thompson-Royds and Mrs. Morant, who lives in Hampshire

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK OF THE WEEK

Four in One

UNLIKE Maurice Richardson—editor, sponsor and contributor of an excellent Introduction to *Novels of Mystery* (Pilot Press; 15s.)—I am not, as a rule, a lover of omnibus volumes. Their size, their heaviness (bad for reading in bed) and, usually, their over-thin paper and small print tell against them, where I am concerned; also, I have a feeling that any one individual book should enjoy the privacy of its individual covers—the “omnibus” smells too much of communal life. All these objections, however, are borne down by this present volume I have in hand. To begin with, there is appropriateness about these four novels enjoying each other's company; and more, they gain something by the association. They bring out each other's points. For these four have something in common: *Novels of Mystery* has an important sub-title—“From the Victorian Age.”

In time, then, and in feeling, these four tales come between the Gothic horror-romance (descendant of Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, effectively turned out by Mrs. Radcliffe and fatally dear, as reading, to young Catherine Morland in *Northanger Abbey*) and the detective-story or thriller of our day. What have we here? First, Wilkie Collins's “The Woman in White”—which towards the end of 1859 began to appear in Dickens's new magazine *All the Year Round*. Next, “The Notting Hill Mystery,” anonymous—which has not, Mr. Richardson tells us, been reprinted since its appearance, in 1862, as a serial in the magazine *Once a Week*. After that, Sheridan LeFanu's “Carmilla” (1871), and last, R. L. Stevenson's “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” (1867). Of these four, says the Introduction, three are very well known, and one (“The Notting Hill Mystery”) hardly known at all. For my own part, I did not know “Carmilla”—the first and, I should imagine, for ever greatest vampire story. I must record my gratitude for the Introduction.

The Under Side

THE genre [says Mr. Richardson of the mystery novel] is very English, or at any rate Anglo-Celtic. In our own over-specialised, disintegrated times, there are the rigid categories of detective-story, thriller and ghost-story with several subdivisions to each: “who done it,” or mystery; spy-story or gangster; sadist or masochist; spook or spirit; but in the last century they could all be lumped together as Tales of Mystery and Imagination. Via the Gothic romance and the smoky chiaroscuro of Scott in his more self-indulgent vein,

it emerged, the Victorian novel of entertainment in which the dark forces of the oppressed underworld without and the repressed unconscious within entered into unholy alliance. Substantial phantoms banged and scratched at the window-panes, while inside the snuggeries, with their tropical profusion of furniture—in city merchant's house in Upper Norwood, in Bournemouth villa, in Irish Georgian drawing-room—the family settled down to the latest three-decker or the pre-publication serial in one of the many magazines which had such an influence on our literature throughout the nineteenth century; they settled down to wallow—often enough in the horrors of the dark night of some high-born villain's soul, in the ghastly depravity of his lumpen-proletariat executives. Though trimmed with didacticism, it was essentially popular, even sensational fiction, leisure reading which made small demands. Even the masters catered for the prevailing high standard of mental comfort, thereby sacrificing their chances of reaching full maturity.

This “mental comfort” point seems exceedingly interesting. The occult scrabbings and scratchings against the outside of the lavishly-curtained pane only made the Victorian authoritarian right-and-tightness firmer; the cold tomb-breath rising from the three-decker's pages was the concomitant of the roaring coal-fire in the round-arched, brass-wreathed, drawing-room grate. And the social doctrine—the obvious build-up for the middle classes in the suggestion that all aristocrats are ravished by hellish passions, and that any house or castle of over a certain size or a certain age is bound to be either under a curse or to have something nasty at the end of the corridor—could not fail to go down like a pat of butter. It was clearly not only more moral, but a whole lot jollier to be living in Upper Norwood. Whether Anglo-Irish families, faced by the dark ascent up a draught-haunted staircase to bat-ridden, creaking bedrooms, read with the same high morale, I should like to know. And, incidentally, why did we, during these last war years, continue to seek mental comfort in our contemporary thrillers? The last shred of the Victorian security was gone: our grates were black, but fires raged in our city skies. Anything might happen, and much did. But we continued to rivet on the corpse on the mat. The supernatural, possibly, was a little out—the natural became so much rarer and odder. . . . Possibly Edmund Wilson found the key to this in his *New Yorker* essay “Homeopathic Horror.”

Obviously, the Victorian world, with its un-mapped pathological jungles and demarcated and potentially dangerous “lower orders,” was the ideal world for the writer of tales of mystery and imagination. A young lady vampire, for instance, could go a good deal further than a young lady—though young ladies have made an advance since. The crook or mystery-man made a high peak in any otherwise flattened landscape of manners and morals. Whereas nowadays (I say plaintively) if one met Count Fosca, Mr. Hyde or Baron R—at one of one's friend's parties, one might hardly look at him twice.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

spirit “voices,” they can see us quite well. Otherwise, they would not bring us “messages” of “happiness,” and a world of sheer contentment. Always we consider it quite unnecessary ever to get a “message” through to them. They already know every “message” we could possibly deliver.

Therefore, we must be visible to them—sometimes, if not always. And, if we are visible to them, is our world equally conspicuous? For, if so, I should hate to ride my bicycle through a concert-hall filled to overflowing with an audience tautly listening to a new Mozart composition. On the other hand, if their material world is a material world quite apart from our own, how does the “messenger” know that I am attending a séance, or that, more than anything else in my life, I live waiting for a “message”?

These questions I should like to ask—but dare not. For I have discovered that earnestness is discounted when questions are not related to sweeping convictions of Ultimate Splendours: though even Ultimate Splendours must include a sure foundation of simple,

Style

No, one would always look at Fosca twice—how is it, by the way, that Hollywood has not, so far, recruited him to be a Charles Laughton part? “The Woman in White,” apart from mystery-interest, is arguably the finest mid-Victorian novel—excluding those of the Brontës. It is certainly the most nearly grown-up. Mr. Richardson calls it “a magnificent domestic thriller, with...an exquisitely keen and excruciatingly sustained suspense and a dark, sultry undertone of fear and guilty sensuality.” Wilkie Collins, certainly, commanded an atmosphere-charged style, such as his more style-conscious successors might envy. See, for instance, the midnight entry in Miss Halcombe's journal,

the clock striking in the tree-choked night, and her description of Blackwater Lake. And a semi-phosphorescent cloudiness envelops the human beings, with their unpredictable capacities for good and ill.

Again, in the case of “Carmilla,” Mr. Richardson aptly praises LeFanu's “deliciously clear, unfussy style that diffuses a pale amber, melancholy light like bog-water.” To LeFanu, as an Irishman, little about solitude, inbred family characteristics and fate-inhabited dwellings was unknown. The exigencies of a vampire plot made “Carmilla” have to be set in the vampire country, Styria; but one could transpose the tale to an Irish mansion without much loss. “Carmilla,” incidentally, might rank high, in its ethereal way, as erotic literature. . . . “The Notting Hill Mystery,” Mr. Richardson's “find,” has the interest, chiefly, of a period piece—I should say that its atmosphere was quite inadvertent, and the document-form, somewhat cumbersome, makes no bid for style. As for “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” I hope that I may offend no lovers of R.L.S. when I say that Stevenson was almost painfully style-conscious—he seldom can have forgotten that he was writing.

To conclude, let me clear *Novels of Mystery* of two of the charges I made against omnibuses in general: the paper is not flimsy and the print not too small.



Lt. Guy Morgan, R.N.V.R., was captured in a schooner in the Adriatic in 1943. He decided to write a book when he got home. A fellow-prisoner, Lt. John Worsley, R.N.V.R., Official Naval War Artist, illustrated it. The book, “Only Ghosts Can Live” (Crosby Lockwood), came out here and in America in September. Houston Rogers, also an ex-P.O.W. took the picture above

commonplace facts. It is so easy to jump right into the middle of Utopia by faith, without bothering in the least about first, second or third steps in that mundane state of human perfection. Indeed, when we day-dream—as day-dream this worrying life often forces us to do—of the state which we would call Our Earthly Happiness, we unconsciously leave out the “niggly” bits which would have to be faced on our way thither, or when we had ultimately arrived. It is the pointing out of these “niggly” bits which always seem to infuriate the Faithful so greatly. I have never quite understood why. Nevertheless, it invariably resolves a discussion into a heated argument.

So, although I know several confirmed spiritualists and envy them their faith, without being able to share it, I would dearly like to ask them to explain what is to prevent a Shade being able to walk into me and refuse to emerge on the other side? Well, perhaps sometimes he doesn't. And this may explain some of these surprising and unaccountable actions on our part which astonish ourselves almost as much as they do our relations. Not really an irreverent proposition. For, if you are dealing with Realities, the causes and consequences must also be real.



A Time for Silence: The Author at Work in His Library

Seventy-Year-Old Author

Thomas Mann with Some of His Family
at His Home in California

Thomas Mann has established a new home for himself in America at Santa Monica, California, high on the Palisades overlooking the Pacific Ocean. A native of Germany, he is an American citizen, and plans to remain in the U.S.A. He is married (his wife was formerly Katja Pringsheim) and they have a large family of three sons and three daughters. In these placid surroundings, Mr. Mann commented on the appeal for his return to his native Germany, made by a Berlin committee called "The Victims of Fascism." He declared: "There is no service I could render in Germany that I cannot render here."



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mann with Their Two Grandchildren, Fredo and Tonio



Looking Over the Lemon-Trees in the Orchard

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

WESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way, as Kipling said laughingly to the one-eyed milkman. In Mayfair and Belgravia and Knightsbridge the last outposts of pre-Utopian society seem shortly due to collapse before the advancing red-faced hordes of Big Business. Grosvenor Square is already in the enemy's hands almost totally. Even the Westminster City Council is beginning to peer round, we observe.

There's just one tall Georgian house left still in Grosvenor Square, unless these blood-shot eyes deceive; the last melancholy, gracious survivor of Horace Walpole's square, blank and desolate and shabby, revolving its fading memories of the high-swung gilt coaches, the linkmen, the wigs and *fontanges* and panniers, the lime-trees and the long golden peace. All round it press the huge menacing Russo-Babylonian fortresses of the Age of Progress. The end is near. It moves us almost as profoundly as the fate of that little old governess, last of the crusading Lusignans, Kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, who died in poverty in a London suburb some years ago.

Or does it? Not on your life. The hell with these P.E.N. Club tricks. Like that tiresome little drunk Lamb (C.) we're just shooting an emotional line, touting for your love, posing as Old Uncle Goldy-Heart, the boy with the trembling waistcoat, Humanity's mellow old sweetie-pie. We don't really care if the entire West End is plastered with functional windowless cement Assyrio-Aztec blockhouses fifteen thousand feet square. *Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.* Smash-ho, hearties (say we), and enjoy yourselves. No age in history has been able to destroy so much comeliness in such little time, without the faintest hope of replacing any of it. Attabulldozers! Oh, Uncle!

Racket

AN expert whiffling recently about careers for thoughtful girls in the New Utopia overlooked an increasingly flourishing racket, that by-product of journalism called something like "Auntie Joy's Kozie Korner," or "Jane Motherly's Heartsease Bureau," from which advice is handed the hamfaced public gratis by hardboiled wenches of both sexes on all topics in Heaven and earth.

So far as we know the eminent Mrs. Emily Post pioneered this racket, on a purely social basis, in America some years ago, dishing out endless advice on the use of forks as toothpicks and how to hack your hostess's ankles under a Macy lace tablecloth and what-not. It has since grown into an industry requiring a wide urgent sympathy and a thorough grasp of Life's most intricate problems. Specimen:

A charming business man asked me to dine at an expensive West End restaurant. I enjoyed myself immensely until the fish course, when he emptied the dish into his breast-pocket and began flipping bits of what seemed to be catfish at me as we talked. I was awfully embarrassed so I cut his throat. Was that awful of me?—"MOUSIE," S.W.

To which "Auntie Joy," let us say, would reply as follows:

Well, "Mousie," it depends. Most charming business men with peculiar habits are big

advertisers, to cut the throats of whom (if I express myself clearly) is felony in a big way. An impulsive puss like you should pause and reflect. If the gentleman you dined with was supplying a branded product the public really happened to want (though I doubt this, or he would hardly be entertaining *you*), it was certainly ill-advised to give way to pique, and the dicks are doubtless on your trail at this very moment. On the other hand, did he seem unhappy? Or frustrated? Not that I give a hoot, honestly, you goose.

The thing to avoid, a tough thickset girl who advises millions weekly was telling us, is slatternly abuse. The public (she said) prefers to be styled a dope obliquely or allusively. Hand it a hot one straight off the bat (she said) and the rage of Caliban at seeing his face in a mirror, as Wilde remarked, is simply abominable. Fancy talking about her dear public like that, the cynical thing! Coo! We'd never dare.

Comedy

A GOSSIP-PARAGRAPH about a K.C. who has for years collected information about Peter the Painter was like a fascinating glimpse of a cracked and yellowed photograph long forgotten. A mean Houndsditch street, with police and soldiers firing rifles from the kneeling position at a dingy upper floor; other police and influential chaps in top hats peeping prudently round corners; Mr. Home Secretary Churchill, also toppered, presiding in person and taking the usual risks. . . . The famous, the epic siege of Sidney Street, E.

You children can hardly conceive the national furore Peter the Painter and his four scrubby, buddies created in those placid Edwardian days. There was no particular romance or even interest about these very ordinary Central European or Russian thugs, unless we err; no State secrets had been stolen, no dockyard plans abstracted, no Chancelleries rattled. But

your grandfather's opulent white waistcoat shook with rage at the breakfast-table. A handful of dirty foreigners cocking a snook at the entire British Constitution, it seemed to him; a gang of damned Frenchmen (or something) taking advantage of the well-known kindness of our police, who always touched their helmets so respectfully as Grandfather stepped into the family brougham. Smoke 'em out, sir, shouted your grandfather, biting wrathfully into his toast; burn the rascals out. Which the police, ably assisted by a platoon of Guards, eventually did, after immense trouble.

Footnote

THE real comedy angle, as the film boys would say, is that the Race persisted throughout in regarding the police as armed with nothing but cricket-bats. The rifles, so to speak, were a Platonic idea in space. Those artless days! Well, fifty years hence Posterity will be laughing just as much at you, chicks.

Wind

A WEATHERWISE chap quoting Addison on "the storm that late o'er pale Britannia pass'd" was of opinion that they made more of a song about a great southwest gale in the 1700's. It may be so.

On the South Coast, at any rate, it made a change from the humdrum rural routine of ploughing, arson, sowing, bigamy, reaping, homicide, mowing, and so forth. And we must recollect that in every inn along that coast there was at least one tarry bore who had sailed with Teach or Blackbeard or Morgan and couldn't forget it. Nightly the rude fourflushers of the hamlet had to listen to lies about Hispaniola and Palm Key and the Dry Tortugas. The rurals had such a bellyful of the Spanish Main; therefore, that any southwester which took the roof off right in the middle of ". . . so we beached 'er and we scrubbed 'er bottom and Cap'n Teach 'e says cut all their bloody throats and then we sailed for Spanish Town . . ." was a boon.

Again, a big gale not only dammed the buccaneering stuff but gave the wrecking-racket a welcome lift. And again, you could bean an enemy with a flail from behind a hedge and pretend next day a tree had fallen on him. Why shouldn't they make a song about a gale in the 1700's?



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HIGHLIGHTS OF AN AUTUMN COLLECTION

by Jean Lorimer

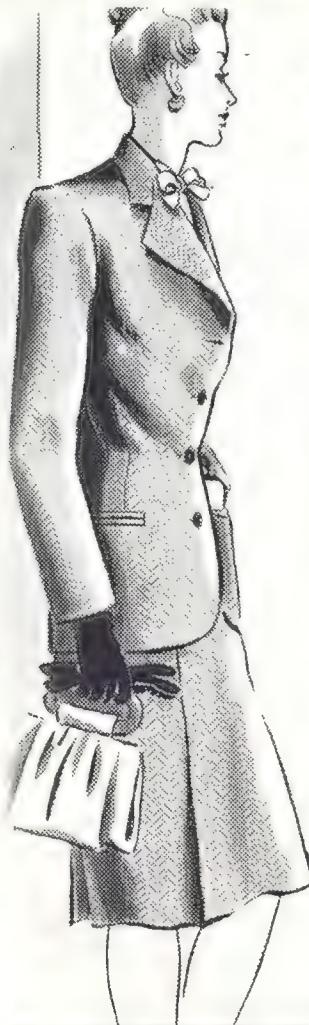


*Photograph by
Dormer Cole*

*Drawings by
Sheradski*

● Frills, folds, fringe and fripperies all conspire to bring back the feminine touches which have been missing these past few years. Billiard cloth appears in a new guise; it has been used to make the lovely dinner-dress on the right which, stripped of its jacket, reveals the sweet little blouse sketched by artist Sheradski showing the snake motif which entwines itself round the waist from hip to heart. Fringe decorates a tailored suit, frills give an apron effect to an afternoon-cum-dinner dress, and folds are cunningly used to give softness at the throat, the elbow line and lower waist. These are the highlights of the Rima collection: all are clothes which by now are making their way, slowly but surely, into the big shops throughout the country. You can but try your luck: maybe you'll be one of the fortunate few





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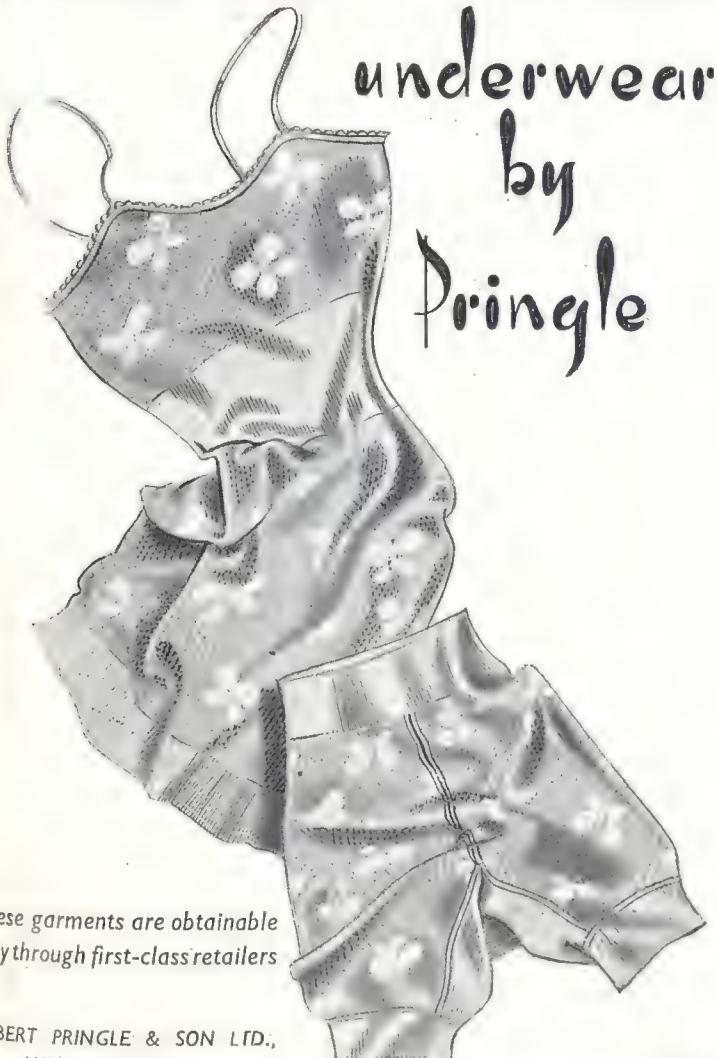


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Stories from Everywhere

THE film actor, married and divorced five times in as many years, came to the registrar with his sixth bride. It was the same registrar who had married the actor on previous occasions.

After the ceremony the bridegroom reached into his wallet, but the registrar waved the money aside.

"Not this time," he said, beaming, "this one is on the house!"

MR. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN's introduction to the literary and theatrical set came when her husband and Franklin P. Adams took her to a cocktail party, introduced her to numerous persons, and deposited her on a cane-bottomed chair in the corner. The cane bottom collapsed and the new Mrs. Kaufman found herself imprisoned in the framework, her posterior drooping to the floor. As everybody turned to stare, Adams remarked: "I've told you a hundred times, Beatrice, that's not funny!"

A VERY sceptical man frequently went fishing—but only because he liked to say they weren't biting. And he never used bait because he didn't believe anything would grab it, anyway.

One day came the big surprise. He cast his line, and there was a sudden jerk. Something grabbed that line and then started off towards the other end of the lake!

The sceptical man fought that fish all the afternoon. Finally he landed the biggest trout ever taken in those waters. Puffing heavily, he gazed at his prize. "It's a lie!" he snorted—and he rolled it overboard.

HE was in the middle of a fervent political speech. "What I want," he yelled, thumping the table in front of him, "is reform—housing reform, education reform, land reform—"

"No, you don't," interrupted a voice from the hall, "what you want is chloroform!"

ASOLICITOR was walking along the Strand when he met a friend to whom he had recently given some simple legal advice and to whom he had sent his usual sizeable bill.

"Nice day, isn't it?" remarked the friend, and then added, hastily: "But I'm not asking you; I'm telling you."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN received a phone call from a Hollywood writer. "I have a wonderful comedy," the writer told him excitedly.

"Fine, fine," Goldwyn said. "Not only is it a great comedy," the writer went on, "but it also has a message."

"A message?" repeated Goldwyn. "Just write me a comedy. Messages are for Western Union."

AN insurance agent was trying to build up new business in an American village, and tackled an old negro who was very much under the thumb of his wife.

"You'd better let me sell you an insurance on your life, Mose," said the agent coaxingly.

"No, suh," replied the negro firmly, "I ain't none too safe at home as it is."

THE Town Hall clock of a well-known town chimes a little tune after each hour. Recently the local licensing justices issued a stern warning to the local bars against failing to shut promptly at three o'clock, p.m. Next day, at three o'clock, the clock chimed solemnly, "Drink to me only with thine eyes!"



The King's Trainer's Son Christened

The son and heir of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was christened Arthur Roger at St. Agnes's Church, Exning, Newmarket. Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort is a daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. Photographed after the ceremony were Mrs. James Corrigan and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, two of the godparents, Mrs. C. Boyd-Rochfort holding Arthur Roger, Lady Zia Wernher, another of the godparents, Mr. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and the nurse

SAN FRANCISCO's railway station, like most others these days, gives servicemen and their wives first chance at train seats. As a result, women travelling alone have learned to attach themselves to obliging sailors. Some of the gatemen, wise to the game, call out as they open the gates: "Only one wife to a sailor please."

DURING some particularly tough training, the men in a parachute battalion went to an office with a complaint.

"It's the new cook, sir," they explained, "he's trying to make us faint."

"How's that?" asked the officer.

"Well, sir, every time we have boiled beans for dinner he puts sugar in it."

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"Is she not more than painting can express

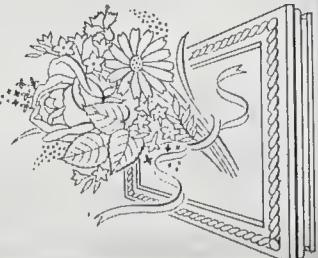
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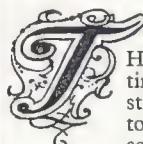
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Display of Latest British and German Aircraft

Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal of Hungerford, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Tedder, were both at the aircraft display held at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. They were most especially interested in the Rolls-Royce Derwent V jet engine that is fitted in the Meteor which will soon make the speed record attempt

The Use of Speed

I was dismayed by the report that I saw in a newspaper at the time when the final preparations for the attack on the world's speed record were being made, to the effect that the whole project might be abandoned. The reasons for this change of front were obscure; but so far as I could gather they were concerned with the risks which are entailed when an aircraft is flown at a speed closely approaching the speed of sound when near the ground. One writer even went so far as to suggest that the rules of the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* ought to be altered before Britain made her attempt.

These words are being written at Herne Bay before the attempt is made. It is recognized by everybody that the risks are considerable. Aircraft do funny things when they are flown at speeds where the onslaught of compressibility is imminent. Equally it is known that the rules do not help in securing the safety of the pilots. The limitation of height in the speed course to 75 metres or about 250 feet means that the aircraft is so low that if anything does go wrong, there is no chance for the pilot to make his escape. The over-all limitation of 400

metres, say 1,300 feet, adds to the difficulties.

But with all these risks and difficulties in mind, few people who want to see British aviation go ahead would have suggested cancellation of the attempt. British aviation would not have been where it was at the time of the Battle of Britain if the Schneider Trophy and speed-record pilots of the preceding years, if Kinkead, Webster, Orlebar, Stainforth and Boothman, had not taken immense risks. And remember that, although the shock stall is very frightening, flutter, in those days, was just as frightening. Flutter has been overcome largely because risks were taken. The problem of compressibility will be solved for the same reason. And if Britain is not ready to take the risks, why, there are plenty of other countries that are. To ask for a change in the rules—even if such change were possible in the time—would be tantamount to a confession of failure.

As I say, I still write before the event. Let it be hoped that all will go well. But if there is an accident, the attempt will still have been worth making.

Public Relations

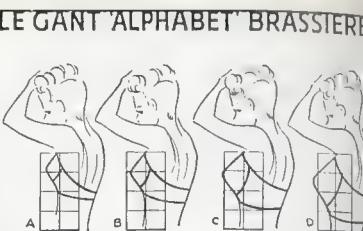
THE fullest approval, then, should be accorded to the decision to make an attempt on the record under the existing F.A.I. rules. But there was just cause for complaint about one aspect of the early stage of the record preparations—indeed, right from the first announcement until Air Marshal Coryton made the statement which was reported in the papers—and this was the public relations and the press arrangements.

We cannot expect novices to aviation to handle these matters as well as experienced men. I began reporting air racing in 1913 during the Hendon events and I have reported many of the big events since then. But I can honestly say that the Herne Bay publicity arrangements during the first week or so were the worst in the whole of my experience. The officials of the Ministry of Aircraft Production conceived it as their duty to place a barrier between the correspondents and the news. They then added to their offence by issuing pompous propaganda statements and expecting correspondents to print them. Things got so bad that the correspondents of eleven of the most important newspapers telegraphed a protest to the responsible Minister. Things then improved slightly. But I fear that the Ministry of Aircraft Production has a long way to go before it understands the first thing about handling big air events. In contrast was the high efficiency shown by the Air Ministry in the 1931 speed record and in the height record. It would be better if these things were handled by the Air Ministry, which has so much more experience of them.

F.A.I.

THE advantage of a name like *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* is that you can stick in an accent almost wherever you think without going wrong. The body itself is a mystery to the many; but it is worth referring to its duties because it is normally very active in peace time. It was formed in 1905 at the instigation of the *Aéro-Club de France* and on formation it had eight States as members. Among the objects laid down was the encouragement of sport and "tourisme." It also set itself up as the sole international body for the control of record making and it listed a number of possible records. Today there are thirty-eight members of the F.A.I. and I think that almost every country except Soviet Russia is a member. The consequence is that it does wield power in many civil aviation activities. Its agent in any country is the national aero club of that country. Thus, in Great Britain, the Royal Aero Club is the agent of the F.A.I. and it appoints observers and is responsible for record breaking and racing.

Prince Bibesco has been President for many years, but I believe that a former Vice-President, Mr. Cabot, has now taken over this position. I have not been informed of any change directly by the Federation, but I read of one in the excellent French aviation paper which my friend, Blondel la Rougery, owns and edits called *L'Aérophile*.



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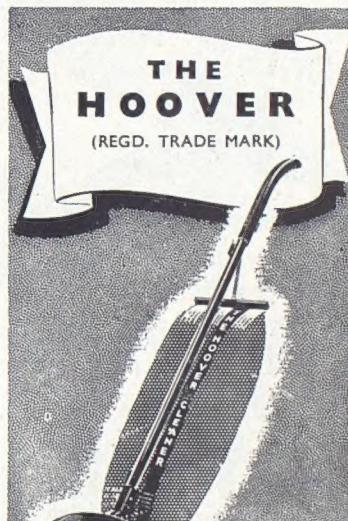
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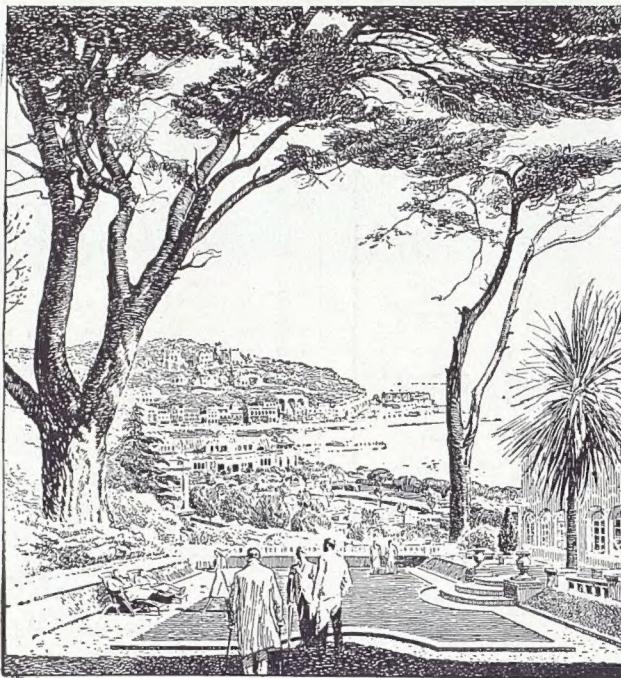
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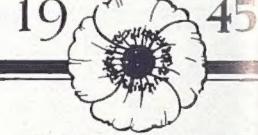


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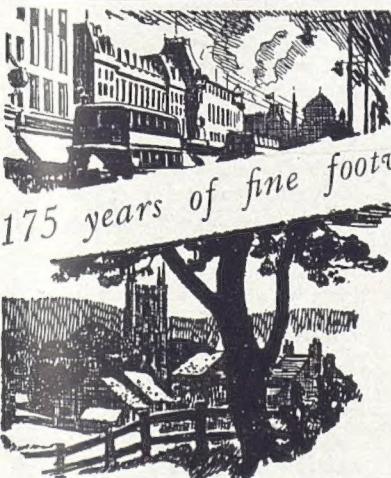
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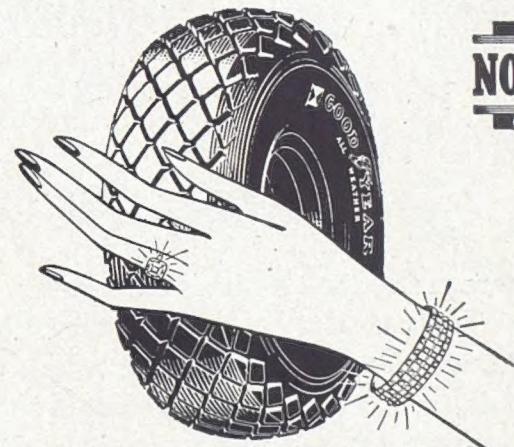
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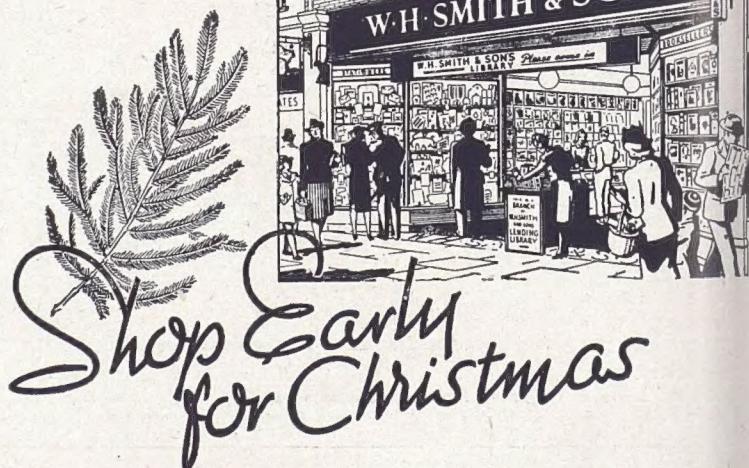


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